

Book of Aabbric by: William Everett Barrett

Ch 1.

Within the spirit realm

Aabbric from the shadows of everyone's mind in their own native tongues.

A natural feeling.

Ignited by chemical connections.

Through pure sensation.

drowning in the pool of love.

So beautiful and stunning.

So smart and cunning.

Someone who is there for you.

Someone who you can pray to.

Aabbric proclaims.

"We are our own person. We are not limited by our own dysphoria that comes from either gender. Because there is a point in everyone's life where they had felt unsure about themselves about who or what they're.

To be small.

To be slender.

To appear weak and vulnerable to the eye.

To be a man in disguise.

But not trapped inside.

As androgyny is ecumenical to me.

Doth the doves fly in the majestic sky.

Like a petal that slowly circles down or
a piece of paper that drifts by.

I am a man.

I can still fly.

Personal experience that makes us different.

to dispute this perception is a lifetime endeavor
It makes me feel free."

One shouts out from a distant star.

"I must admit I do have a limited understanding of the dynamics at play.
When it comes to rules. My later years are still quite ahead of me.

But this in turn has occurred to me.

All they care about is their capital.
As capital expands their expenses.

The Learned Elders don't care about the people.
All they care about is to continue their pointless scheme.
To bleed us dry and enforce their rule of law through all facets of our life even if it conflicts with what's on paper.

Where all sources of information are controlled and monitored through each device that in turn expands their capital and power over us.

This cruel pointless endeavor as I know that they do it to know how to feel.

That is what I have a limited understanding for. A limited understanding for you letting this occur under your watchful gaze."

But Aabbric admits.

"When the sense of clarity is so great.
It corresponds with one sense of vanity.

As all ideas lead to perfection."

Aabbric then states.

"I'm a god, but still not one to be trifled with.

This is an ambitious project that is made to challenge the current paradigm and the very outlook that we all share. To question every notion of the ideas of freedom itself that we all share. It is a drastic work that has a hotchpotch of approximations dared to convey their complexity under a new light that has never been shown without being too taboo to the point of absurdity.

The people are the ones who are always in power as they're the ones who wield the sword and I only clean it."

Aabbric was a ruthless dictator who wanted all the toys of each and every household.

When he took over he demanded a child sacrifice from each city. And the child's processions given to him for him to play with.

All opposed him, but he crushed them all, establishing a new order with himself at its head. He rules every sector, every dimension bending to his whim. Yet, an enduring resistance persists undeterred by his might.

Aabbric reigns with an iron fist, indulging in the luxuries of his rule while subordinates and slaves fight his battles.

All those who opposes Aabbric nail this to the door of Aabbbic's playroom.

-Ode of resistance

A spiritual revolution that aims to untangle the web of lies that engulf us all.

In the web of lies.

Where there is no difference to either side.

Somehow we are still divided.

Fighting each other despite the fact.

We are all entangled within its lies.

Under an order that only sees itself.

Where ideas are shaped by one.

Where laws are misinterpreted.

Where life can be easy, instead it is made to be hard.

Not only here but the world over.

As only peace can quell such a beast as it lives off of war and poverty.

We are the people.

We are the ones who make up the nation itself.

Not any one person, idea, or weapon.

But only silence constricts us.

Only fear keeps us at bay.

As we are weak by ourselves.

To embark on this crusade.

We must not just help ourselves but each other.

We must be willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for someone that we don't even know. That is what holds this nation together.

As this honor is held by those who or had served.
But we too can share this honor.
As the stars and stripes shine through us all.

We have to be open, accepting, welcoming to all even to those who once condemned us.

We must have a degree of selflessness so great, so profound.
That only the lord himself can walk besides us.
As the rest of the world falls behind.
One nation under god.

A wolf can hide in plain sight.
Where there is no place to hide.
We must stand together strong.

Let them come for us.
Let them tear us to shreds.

They want a war.
But we already won it.

The strings pluck off one by one.
As time goes by the weight of pressure continues its effect.

As not even pawns can reattach the strings that have broken off.
As that is the one thing no puppet can do.

The puppeteer inflicted by a deadly illness.
An unstoppable cancer from the bone to the central nervous system.

The worst death imaginable.
Nothing that any of his creations can do but watch.

As the sun sets even time has left his side.

Darkness sets but that only means there is a horizon on the other side.

As we are all free from him as we are all on our own.
no strings attached.-

In the town of Fayhaven. Aabbric was confronted for this.

He told everyone each sacrifice helps build a perfect kingdom for all to enjoy in the afterlife.

An afterlife made of love and innocence for all he loves to enter though.

Many opposed him and reclaimed justice and judgment works at a subatomic level. The universe falls back to the center point. The smallest point where everything is connected.

They say you won't find your way through the narrow gate.

Aabbric stood back up and argued back that he is the gate. That he is the one who carries the burden.

Aabbric states.

"I have already cracked the code of life.

I am the most powerful and the most impressionable.

I have dwell in the deepest darkest.

I have soar into the brightest light.

The torment is brief and for everlasting.

The peace is short and external.

I am the lighting before the storm.

I am the shock after the wave.

Nothing gets in the way of my folly.

And I am scared, but determined.

To create meaning where there is none.

A switch that keeps on switching.

As judgment exists at a subatomic level.

Justice exists at a subatomic level as it goes to the core fiber of our being."

Then Aabbric kneels in front of them and prays.

"Please hold me still as I am mortal.

Each passing day I'm dying.

I want to be a part of you lord.

Please don't gouge me out.

I don't stumble.

I only leap.

Please let me leap into greater pastures.

I want to have an adventure.

Knowing that I am safe all the way."

Learned Elders of the world of existence say.

"Our existence stretches across all directions, from every conceivable point. The sheer scale of our territory is beyond comprehension, even for the greatest minds. Our wings can only carry us so far and so high before speed diminishes and becomes meaningless. And our origin remains unknown. Doeloen, the closest one to dank dark Halls is the best of us. He would know what to say to you sir." the Learned Elders exclaim.

Then Doeloen tells Aabbric.

"Lord lord, please love and innocence is in all of our hearts."

Havanger replies. "but it escapes the mind and leaves the soul fractured."

Havanger continues. "Aabbric has created a world for himself that we cannot go into."

Doeloen harbors back.

"Tell me what would the Lord say in times like this if you can. Is this our final struggle?

Or Just one of the many ultimate struggles of man?"

Aabbric with a cup has his ear to the door.

"Only the Lord is the beginning. And at the end you have just been caught in between. You are the light of the world. The light bearer. but, that light dissipates. Aabbric you're the light of this world as what you are on the other side in your world has only brought the darkest unlike any other. It was made for you. You threw it away like it was nothing. There are consequences and they still exist here!"

Aabbric replies on the other side.

"The world is too hard for me.

I think I will become nothing, but my past still looms over me.

I want to create a new world.

One void of routine. Only pleasure.

A paradise fit for the messiah.

My mind is a steel trap abused, yet still holding firm."

Aabbric pauses and breaths.

"To those under me I offer praise.

I'm sorry for the hardship I caused.

But I know the taboo nature is what keeps me whole.

It keeps all the worlds and universes in line.

I know no other way I'm trapped.

I'm fused in my throne, the wars ceaseless as ever.

As I want everything and everyone."

Aabbric slumps down to the door.

"Nothing excites me anymore as I lay in bed wondering what I have done.

I want to go down a slide.

I want to climb up jungle gyms.

I want to feel like a kid again.

That's why I am here. It wasn't good enough. It made me go through the pain.
So much pain. Too much pain. And now I hope it's gone."

Doeloen finally says.

"Nothing is ever truly gone. You Just got to move on. You're here now. That's what matters. From one side to the other. Stop this war of silence so that your voice can be heard. We're all here to listen. Make the command to end the sacrifices."

Aabbric says.

"I stood at the edge of death's door. I almost hopped over the fence instead of entering through the gate. I am a lost lamb. Please find me."

Aabbric slides down three poems he made under the door.

-The Avalanche towards the void.

The first poem.

Hidden mirrors

I am the light of the world.

I am timeless.

I am the light at the end of the tunnel. I can only see what's within.

I see what I create. As it is within only my line of sight.

My awareness is the framework of everything and everyone.

I can't control my focus.

What I don't know is lost until it is found once again.

I seek what I want to destroy.

I throw it out as if it is a part of me, but it always comes bouncing back at me. As I always stand alone that is what makes me worry the most.

I see what the lord sees, that's when life becomes a lie.

The second poem.

My broken toe

Even though I have been forgiven. I still felt that I had done something wrong. I have always been alone and will always be alone.

There is no saving grace towards intrusive thoughts.

Endless corridors flood my mind.

They seem familiar, but out of place.

There is joy when walking and finding new things every day, but there is no more joy now of how they came into being.

I know what death is and it is subjective.

I'm nowhere and everywhere.

Smoke and mirrors fog my mind.

An endless abyss of despair.

And there is no end in sight as I only see what's within.

The third poem.

The shattered Butler

I serve no man or thing.

I have no master.

Only the saving grace is God who keeps me whole, but I still feel shattered.

I know that the lord is at the edge of my sight, but still out of reach.

A hairline fracture in my being.

A thread that sticks out my suit.

As I wander alone.

God save me from my endless toil, however I refrain as it is all I know.

The walls can talk and I have listened.

smoke and mirrors cover my soul. My heart and mind.

As I grew into a weed.

As there is no more joy to be had in the time being.

As the cycle of life is endless like the void itself.-

Aabbrie states.

"I won't let anyone of you enter. I want the one that shouts out from a distant star to enter." **Aabbrie's room a massive playground full of toys of all kinds. A Endless castle of dreams full of slides, swings, ball pits, climbing structures and wonder.**

Aabbrie proclaims.

"All of this can be yours too. All you have to do is hail me as your master!"

The One that shouts out from a distant star says.

"Away from me. I do not know you."

Aabbrie argues back.

"Look around you! This is what power looks like! This is order! I brought peace through strength. A unified world under my rule!"

Aabbric pauses, taking a shaky breath.

"All you have to do is acknowledge my authority. Acknowledge that I am the one who can bring order to this chaotic world."

Then, he recoils as the Messiah repeats his denial: "Away from me. I do not know you."

Aabbric's face flushes crimson. The carefully constructed facade of control cracks further.

Ch 2.

The Messiah is reborn into a new material realm.

In the time of Darvis. He ruled over a vast land. For decades, the General Government succumbed to corruption and neglect. Darvis exploited this decline, seizing power and establishing The Darvisland. Unbeknownst to him, an ancient prophecy foretold this event, predicting a restoration of the republic it was meant to uphold. Within a year of Darvis's rule, a child was born, prophesied to be the messiah. Darvis, undeterred by this development, remained focused on superficial matters and had his eyes on external expansion, aiming for global domination. Now The Darvisland teeters on the brink of collapse, fighting on all fronts.

The Messiah now 10 years old begins traveling, witnessing the hardship of the war in the Home front. Struggling under oppressive laws made by Darvis to create a master race. He heal those who were wounded and many follow the young prodigy.

The Messiah went along a pond with his mom on new years day. He proclaims.

"It is no longer the year 34570 it is now the year 1 as I have been born again."

his mom chuckled and said.

"Indeed it is."

Malu, an esteem commander, asks the messiah's mother.

"Does this mean the end of the Darvisland as we know it?"

"No," *the mother replies.* "It means a new beginning for all of us to enjoy."

The Messiah went in the pond and healed many with his touch. Healing the wounds of Malu's battalion. Malu says to the mother.

"I have made the messiah a secret from Darvis to keep him safe won't this draw

attention?" *the mother says.*

"Then we must move quickly to Ostar. Now it is the time to make his powers known to end this war." *Malu utters under his breath.*

"So it does mean the end of the Darvisland."

the mother quietly nods affirming his superstitions.

The Road to Ostar was long and arduous. Rows of national guard vehicles drove to the city to reinforce it. While many left in droves.

The City of Ostar is a war torn city. near the front line

The dust swirled around us as we walked through what used to be a city. Now it's just broken buildings and rubble everywhere.

the messiah wrote in his journal

-Everything is dusty now. Not just the ground, but everything. The houses, the trees, even the sky. mom says it's from the bombs. mostly just trucks go by big, serious looking ones with soldiers in them. I remember when things were different. The celebrations. When I was 4. I saw Darvis parachute down during the open ceremonies of a big game. My mom told me he was 91. I heard the cheer now all I hear now are the sirens, but I know that I am safe.-

"mom." *the messiah said "what about the king and his army"*

Mother replies. "don't you worry about them, we have you. not a thousand bullets would hit us.”
“You are blessed."

Malu made a coughing sound and nudged my mother aside and said.

"He's just a kid we need to be careful"

Mother said "I know his power, we hid him for too long and now this evil regime is about to fall. It is a chance to show my son's light to the world."

Malu signs

"Alright let's go to the infirmary."

We follow him through more broken streets until we reach a small building marked with red crosses on the walls.

The infirmary was a small, crowded room. Cots were lined up close together, holding people

with pale faces and tired eyes. A single window let in a dusty beam of light, illuminating me. The messiah went in and healed all those who were there. I moved from cot to cot, easing aches, soothing burns, and mending what was broken. A quiet hum of relief seemed to ripple through the room as each person received care. The pale faces regaining a touch of color, the tired eyes showing sparks of hope.

They rejoice.

"The Messiah, The Messiah!"

A soldier near the doorway lowered his rifle, tears wetting the dust on his cheeks. A nurse sank to knees, whispering prayers she thought she'd forgotten. One by one. those who witnessed the Messiah's light began to kneel. Not in obedience, but in reverence.

Outside, word had already begun to spread.

"The child walks with the light," *someone says.*

"The boy of the pond heals like spring water," *another voice adds.*

"The year has reset for all of us," *an older man agrees.*

The next morning, they left under the cover of fog, crossing the outskirts of Ostar towards the forest. More people join our group. Families carrying bags, soldiers without their uniforms. Malu stayed at his post to protect the city of Ostar.

Ch 3.

Along the messiah way in the forest he stopped dead in his tracks. his heart skipped a

beat. "They killed him." *The Messiah utter.*

"who?" *one of the Refugees asked a little girl.*

"Malu!" *the Messiah said.*

The Messiah was comforted by his mother

"It was Doeloen but not the one from my dream." *the Messiah said.*

"I know it's ok." *The mother said..*

We continue walking through the forest, leaving Ostar and its troubles behind us.

the messiah wrote in his journal

- I went online on my tablet to see the news. I tap on video made by the minister of truth and enlightenment Doeloen. With dramatic music he says that we are fighting world's most dangerous enemy. An enemy that will stop at nothing for our total destruction. His voice intensifies. But I will tell you this my fellow Darvislanders adversity builds strength and strength builds character as ideas can never die. The Darvisland will never die. Then while I was watching the video my mom took my tablet and don't watch that. it's all hogwash.-

Then They were ambushed by the A.I.A the Artur intelligence agency. They were special ops. Surrounding a large area of woodland.

The forest suddenly felt different. The birds stopped singing, and an eerie silence fell over us like a blanket.

Mom's hand tightened around the messiah as she pulled him close.

"Stay quiet," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

figures moving between the trees, their uniforms blending with the shadows.

"What's happening?" The Messiah asked, keeping his voice low like Mom told me.

"Stop where you are," A Darvisland officer called out in a commanding voice. "You're surrounded."

They were forced to walk in a line, flanked by the soldiers with their strange weapons. Mom kept her arm around the messiah protectively as they moved through the forest.

"What's happening?" The Messiah asked quietly. "Who are these people?"

"The AIA," she replied just as softly. "They're Darvis's secret police. They hunt down anyone who doesn't agree with him."

The soldiers led them toward a checkpoint marked by tall metal gates and floodlights that cut through the darkness like sharp blades. The gate was guarded by more armed men in different uniforms.

The AIA officers marched us towards a long, black train waiting on tracks.

"Get on board off to Cramenhal," one of the soldiers growled, pushing Mom forward. The Messiah stumbled but regained his footing as they climbed up metal steps and entered in was empty no seats. Then once they got everyone inside the went off to Cramenhal.

Cramenhal. There were no prison barracks. There were no labor yards. Everyone who we're getting off the trains were killed immediately.

Fluorescent lights flickered overhead, casting harsh shadows on the cold metal walls. the train accelerated, pressing them back against the wall. The maglev train stops at the gates of Cramenhal. where entire quarries of bodies are buried.

The one overseeing the arrival was Havanger himself. not the Havanger form the Messiah's dream. He stands tall and rigid, his black uniform immaculate as he surveys the scene before him. The cold, calculating gaze beneath his peaked cap misses nothing as he watches the latest transport arrive at the camp.

Havangers says, "Get undress and leave your belongings!"

Havanger sees the Messiah and with his mother and pull them aside and said "The National indigenous general government of the ethical regions will prevail a all white utopia of peace and serenity and you're in the way of that!"

Mother stay silent.

Havanger then orders, "shave their heads and put them in the chambers!"

Havanger turns to the Messiah, his expression devoid of emotion. He gestures towards the waiting line of naked prisoners.

The Messiah tries to speak, but Havanger raises a hand, silencing him. "Do not resist your fate, child. There is no other path for you."

They're shoved in the chambers and gas is released from the ceiling fans. The Messiah held by his mother as the gas went to them, but only the Messiah survive. He stare at the camera overseeing the execution knowing Darvis himself was watching from the other side.

Ch.4

The Messiah fades through the door the guards on the other express horror in their eyes. Havanger fled and the death camp was left empty. They all ran away.

The Messiah looks around, taking in the chaos and despair that surrounds him.

The Messiah Wept.

A figure appears with his hand up slowly going towards the Messiah. It was General Sowdor.

General Sowdor says. "It's okay i'm not here to hurt you."

The Messiah, still visibly shaken from his experience, cautiously approaches General Sowdor.

General Sowdor begins, "I have heard stories of your miracles and the hope you bring to those who believe in you. Darvis loves you."

The Messiah looks at General Sowdor in disbelief, "Darvis?" he asks, his voice trembling with emotion. "The one who ordered my execution? How can he love me?"

General Sowdor hands over a coin with Darvis' face on it.

The Messiah look at it and said, Render to Darvis what belongs to Darvis, and to God what belongs to God."

General Sowdor puts a white rope around the Messiah and said, "Come with me we need your help."

The Messiah thinks for a moment, weighing his options. He looks into General Sowdor's eyes, searching for any hint of deception, but finds none.

The Messiah nods hesitantly and allows himself to be led away by General Sowdor.

Together, they walk towards The General's car. As they approach the vehicle, the Messiah can't help but feel a sense of unease about what lies ahead. But he knows that he cannot abandon those who still believe in him.

The Messiah climbs into the car and takes a deep breath, steeling himself for whatever challenges may come. General Sowdor gets in too.

"Where are we going?" the Messiah asks cautiously.

General Sowdor looks him straight in the eye. "The frontlines we need to liberate the city Zechdom."

They drove what what felt like hours and they made it to the battlefield.

As they approached the battlefield, the Messiah could see the smoke rising from the distance. He knew this day would come eventually, but he had hoped for more time to prepare himself mentally.

The General stopped their car a safe distance away from the fighting and turned to the Messiah. "Stay here until I give you the signal," he said firmly.

The Messiah nodded, understanding that his role would be crucial once they were in the midst of battle. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, focusing all his energy on channeling his powers to heal the wounded soldiers.

The Messiah heal The Darvisland troops and went on a all out offensive and took back the city from the Kingdom.

With the city of Zechdom back in control. It will give ease to the capitol of the Darvisland.

